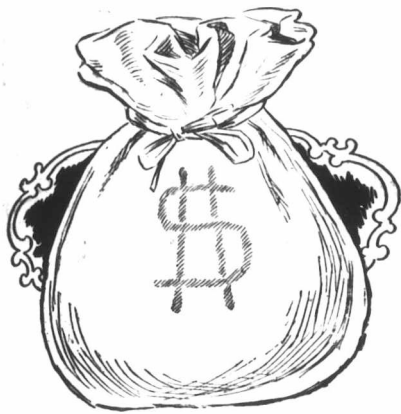


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A LOT OF MONEY

can be accumulated by people of
very moderate income by the aid of a

**Bank of Toronto
Savings Account**

It is just the application of the
"adding to" principle, a little at a
time and the balance grows from
year to year. Interest added 4
times a year also helps.

Savings Depositors receive every
attention at any of this Bank's
72 branches.

Bank of Toronto

CAPITAL, \$4,000,000
RESERVE, 4,000,000

ing by to school and he talked to the
pigeons, and he did a great deal to
help his grandmother. She went
away early in the morning; but be-
fore she started she put the tea-kettle
over the fire, and the little boy wash-
ed the breakfast plates, and dried
them very carefully, and wheeled his
chair over to the cupboard and stood
them all up on the shelf.

Then he dusted all the places he
could reach, and watered the mari-
gold that grew in a pot in the win-
dow. The attic looked as tidy and
fine as a palace when the little boy
had finished and then he wheeled
back to the window and began his

Another Progressive Year.

**THE NORTHERN LIFE
Shows Splendid Results
for 1906.**

SUCCESS BRINGS SUCCESS.

Insurance in force, - -	\$5,082,075 00
Increase, 7%	
Cash Income, - - - - -	188,949.82
Increase, 8%	
Total Assets, - - - - -	748,111.83
Increase, 27%	
Government Reserve, - -	488,357.32
Increase, 24%	
Surplus Security for Policy holders - - - - -	257,854.51
Increase, 34%	
Expenses decreased by 3%	
Interest income paid all death claims.	
87% of assets are interest bearing.	
Financial Gain during year, \$53,068 65.	
Surplus over all liabilities, including Capital Stock, \$31,142.01.	

MENEELY BELL COMPANY
322 & 32 RIVER ST. 177 BRANFORD
TROY, N. Y. NEW YORK.
Manufacture Superior
CHURCH, CHIME, SCHOOL & OTHER
BELLS.

own day's work; for he was a busy
little boy.

He had a bag full of beautiful
calico pieces, and he had a thimble
and a needle and a spool of thread;
for his grandmother had taught him
how to make holders. Sometimes he
could finish two in a day, very round,
with brass rings to hang them up by,
and people bought his holders for
five cents a piece.

While he sewed he looked down in-
to the square below, and watched the
children playing at marbles and
hopscotch, and he wished that he
could play too. Best of all, he watch-
ed the soldiers parading by. O, but
they were fine! Blue coats with yel-
low lining, feathers, and such
straight backs!

Nearly every day they marched
past and the little boy wished more
than anything that he could be a
soldier. He had wished it ever since
he could remember. To be a soldier
and march in a parade! And when
he thought how he never could be
one, he sometimes cried a little bit,
and the thread would knot, and the
needle would stick; for he was only a
little boy, you know, and he was
quite, quite lame.

"Coo-roo, coo-roo-coo," called the
pigeons one morning. "How do you
do, little boy? The sun is up, and it is
a good day for crumbs. We are off
to the square, and we can't stay any
longer. We wish you could come,
too." And they spread their soft
wings and fluttered off.

"Even the pigeons go," said the
little boy to himself. "I wish some
one would carry me down."

Too, toot! tum-te-tum! "There
comes the soldiers!" He leaned as
far as he was able over the window-
sill, and waved a red holder and
shouted:

"Hurrah, hurrah! Here I am in
the attic window. Hurrah!"

The soldiers marched along, and
the little boy thought no one heard
him, so he took up his sewing again;
but some one had heard! At the
very end of the parade marched the
old soldier, very slowly; for he was
tired and he saw the little red flag
flying at the attic window.

"No one will miss me," said the
old soldier, as he dropped out of the
line and crossed the square and
climbed the attic stair.

"May I come in?" he asked, tak-
ing off his hat with the white plume
at the side, "and may I sit down for
a minute?"

A real soldier, in long blue cloak,
in the attic! The little boy was too
excited to say anything, but the old
soldier pulled up a chair close to the
window, and took the red holder in
his hands.

"This is a very good holder," he
said. "Did you sew it yourself?"

"Yes, I did," said the little boy.
"I make them every day, and I sell
them for five cents; but you may
have this one if you like it. I never
saw a soldier close to before. I've
always wanted to be a soldier more
than anything."

"Thank you very much for the
holder, sir," said the old soldier.
"And you said you would care to be
a soldier?"

"Time to burn" originated
with the time candle. Exact
time originated with the
**ELGIN
WATCH**

Every Elgin Watch is fully
guaranteed. All jewelers
have Elgin Watches.
An interesting, illustrated
booklet about watches,
sent free on request to
**ELGIN
NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
Elgin, Ill.**

"Oh, but I never could," said the
little boy. "I have a crooked back,
and it hurts me at night, and I never
could march in the square."

"But you make holders," said the
old soldier, "and you keep the bar-
racks clean; and, I take it, you help
about mess. (The little boy had put
the potatoes boiling for dinner.)
"You don't have to march if you're
wounded in battle."

"I have a flag at home," said the
old soldier. "It's quite faded, and
it's full of bullet holes, for I carried
it through the enemy's ranks. I
think, if you've no objections, I'll
hang your holder at home by my
flag, sir."

"And I should like to give you
something to remember me by,"
went on the old soldier, "because I'm
very proud to have met you."

The old soldier took off his long
blue cloak, and wrapped it about the
little boy. "This is for you to wear,"
he said. "And remember, sir," he
said, as he went out of the attic door,
"that we're both in the ranks, you
and I, only you're on the reviewing
stand. You musn't wish any more.
You are a soldier, sir."

So the little boy sits by the win-
dow, and the pigeons still visit him,
and he never goes down in the
square. But the thread never knots,
and the needle never sticks, for the
long blue cloak hangs over his chair;
and he knows that, though he is a
little boy, and quite, quite lame, he
is really a soldier.

MY GRANDMA.

My grandma sits in a rocking-chair,
By the window, in the sun;
She wears a soft little lacy cap,
And a big white apron over her lap,
And there's always room for a little
girl there
That's tired of frolic and fun.

She told me a queer thing the other
day,
And she says it's really true—
My grandma had soft red cheeks one
time,
And hair that was just as black as
mine;
And she could run and tumble and
play,
And do all the things I can do!

I wish I had known my grandma
then;

How very nice it would be
If grandma were little and played
with me,
Dressing our dollies, and going to
tea,
And swinging, and watching the
bantie hen,
And climbing the cherry tree!

But when we were too tired out to
play,
And the sandman crept along,
What should I do for my grandma's
lap,
And her songs to drowsy me into a
nap?
I'm glad my grandma is old and
gray,
While I'm just little and young!
—Anna Paschall.

**Pains in the Back,
Over the Kidneys**

**Told of Diseased Kidneys, and the
Cure Was Effected by Dr. Chase's
Kidney-Liver Pills.**

Severe headaches, backache, spells
of blindness and dizziness were some
of the symptoms of this case of kid-
ney disease, the cure of which is de-
scribed below.

Miss Della McDermott, 373 Main
Street, Moncton, N.B., writes:—

"For some time my mother could
not walk across the floor or stoop
over because the pains in her back
just over the kidneys were so severe.
She had severe headaches, backache,
spells of blindness and dizziness, and
tried many medicines without obtain-
ing relief. The doctors of our town
said that the trouble was due to the
turn of life.

"A lady friend advised mother to
try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills,
and by the time she had used two
boxes of this great medicine she was
perfectly cured, and the old trouble
has never returned."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
regulate the action of the liver, kid-
neys and bowels, one pill a dose, 25
cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-
son, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Day Season

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**American Life
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BERRY

d Have Sound Teeth.